# UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1210.


## Original Poetry.

### LET HIM PASS!

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY HENRY MORFORD.

"Oh, let him pass, he hates him
Who would open the *inch of thick* long world
Down t- him not lovely!"—*King Lear.*

Let him pass to his rest
And the green turf on his breast
We will lay;
All the sorrows of his path
By the ever-springing earth
Shut away.

We fear to lay him down
Where the evil shall meet our own
Shall be done;
We are loth to see our pain
Let the mourned be departed
Smiles for him.

I think not we are kind,
When we wish to keep behind
In or pass,
The spirit whose repose
Shall those unbending throes
Know again.

Within that broken form,
Whom the great Almighty arm
Heaved in storm,
There is little, little space
For the tenant's resting place,
We invoke.

I know there shall be tears
When they verkan up his years,
And so few
But he might live many more,
While the sadder than before
Each one grew.

Life essays a sunny side,
But its better beings guide
Few, alas!
From his sorrows and his pain,
Where the sun cannot forth again,
Let him pass!

## Original Novel.

### THE CRUIZE OF THE GREYHOUND.

### A Legend of Newport.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALL JONES," "THE ROVER," &c., &c.

"But what, my child? I do not wish to pain you, yet I would fain know this reservation," said he, mildly. "You must you will do anything but marry Captain Harris—is that it?"

"Not to day.
With the strange wonderful power of human thought,
A story has come back to me, which I
Had long forgotten."—*N. P. Willis.*

### CHAPTER III.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness!
How dear this very hour doth seem to me!
Yet I forget thee not,
In leaving what I here so well,
And hope with another fleet."—*Bride of Abydos.*

In an old wainscotted apartment, furnished with carved, high-backed mahogany chairs, and having one or two pictures of merit on the walls, sat Seneca Darley. Though she had about four weeks after the events detailed in the last chapter. Her head rested on her hand, and her face was fixed apparently only on the lovely landscape before her; that consisted of a succession of rolling hills, covered with farms and woodlands, behind which a range of the blue sea was visible rolling in the distance. The traces of tears were on her cheek, and at intervals a long drawn sigh came heavily from her bosom.

Since her last interview with De Courcy, Mary had not opened her lips. Though she felt that she had acted rightly in refusing to elope with him, there were moments when regrets at their loss overpowered her, and she relaxed on her mind: for alas! the tempter never ceases his work. Her lover's departure, too, on a long and uncertain voyage, made her sad. How often she wished that he was on shore, where, if she could not see him, she could, at least, hear from him, and where he would be at hand in case of any emergency requiring his aid. These regrets would often bring tears into her eyes; but then again she would think of her duty, and the resolution would again grow strong within her, to commit everything to the hand of God!

But it did, indeed, seem as if the machinations of De Courcy's enemies would prove too strong for her, and that she would, sooner or later, be forced into a marriage with Harris. Her girl! she had no friends in this emergency, for she was surrounded only with those in the interest of Harris, as even her servant was corrupted by his gold. To bear up alone against opposition, is a very different thing from doing so when surrounded by kind friends, and those who love and sustain you. But Mary could have endured all, if her father had not grown harsh and arbitrary. Before her he had always held aside the sterner qualities of his nature, and the first time that he had ever addressed her, except in words of kindness, had been at the interview in the grove, when he had parted her with De Courcy. But since then, he had often, by his angry words or manner, sent her away to weep whole hours in her own room alone. And this harshness daily became worse. Irritated at his daughter's continued opposition to the union with Harris, and unused to be disobeyed, for he had never before known her to refuse to act according to his wishes, her father would not control his displeasure, but wreaked it on her at every fitting opportunity. It seemed, indeed, as if the demon of discord had entered into that once pleasant home, and that hereafter there was to be no peace for the persecuted girl.

It was after a scene at the dinner table, where her father had addressed her more unkindly than ever, that Mary had retreated to the parlor to weep alone. To bear up alone, going in a flood of tears, rose sat and sun descended at the window, her eyes only mechanically resting on over the beautiful landscape, while her thoughts were busy with her unhappy lot.

While she thus sat, the door softly opened, and her father entered. She did not hear the tread, and he stood for some time with the sad head on her shoulder, before she was aware of his presence. She looked up with a start, and, for the first time for years, met the gaze of her father.

"Mary—my dear child," he said, in a voice of kindness, unusual of late, "you have been weeping. Some misunderstanding must exist between each other; and I may have sad things to pain you. If so, forgive your father."

The tone of kindness was a struggle to her ears, the words kindly framed, and above all, the solicitation for pardon, overpowered the poor girl, and falling on her father's bosom she sobbed convulsively, but the sobs were those of love, and not of sorrow.

"Oh! my dear father," she said, at length, brokenly, "let it be with us as it once was, and I will do anything for you. Restore me your love—it is all I ask."

The father drew his arms tenderly around her, and his face evinced much emotion. Down his hard and furrowed cheek a tear arose, and dropped on the neck of Mary. She felt its warmth, and clasping her parent more, gave vent to a fresh flood of tears.

It was not without reason that her father had calculated on the result of this change of manner to his daughter. He had seen her rise abruptly from the table, and felt that his words had pained her. Dear, very dear was his child to him, notwithstanding his present harshness towards her: and the sight of her emotion smote him to the heart. The history of the last month passed in review before him, and he asked himself if he had not yielded too much to irritation at finding her opposed to his wishes, and whether a milder course would not be more effective with her. His feelings were not of a mixed character, as he mused. He was determined his daughter should never marry a penniless adventurer, without rank or family, and such he regarded De Courcy; but his bosom yearned to see his child once more happy and light-hearted, as she had been in other days. He longed to hear her go singing over the house as was formerly her wont. He would have sacrificed anything but his ambition, to see her face decked with smiles, and to chase away the settled melancholy which now brooded on it.

"I have been all wrong," he said, "Mary was ever of a sensitive nature, like her mother; and I have sometimes been harsh, and she makes her unhappy. I will try what kind words can do; I gave them up too soon—irritated at her firmness, when I should have persevered. She will yet yield to persuasion."

The whole afternoon these thoughts were passing through his mind, and the more he considered the more he became convinced that he had been pursuing the wrong course. He determined, on his return to the house, to seek his daughter and make amends for his harshness.

For some moments neither parent nor child spoke again, but Mary continued weeping on her father's shoulder. At length he broke the silence.

"It shall be as it once was," he said. "Let the fear last weeks be forgotten."

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Mary looked up imploringly into her father's face, then bowed her face on his bosom; and he felt that he was answered. A shade of his old displeasure shot across his countenance, but he instantly checked it.

"We will not talk of that now," he said, "You are too agitated. But we have understood each other, I fear. I do not wish to force you into this marriage, yet I would earnestly wish to see it take place. At least, it is the dearest wish that you should be well settled."

"Why be in such haste?" said his daughter, catching at what she thought to be a hope held out by these words. "If it is only that you wish to see me settled, believe me I would rather remain with you, dear father, than wed the proudest noble. All I ask is, that we may continue as we are."

"But I am getting old," said her father, perceiving the mistake he had committed, "and wish to see you settled before I depart. It is the only dearest wish that you should be well settled."

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"Oh! do not mention such a dreadful thing," said Mary. "You are not old, dear father, and will many years be spared to us." And she smiled in his face. "Do not, therefore, make me unhappy by urging that matter."

"Well—well," he said, "we will talk of the affair now. You have been too agitated. Hereafter we may both think and speak of it more calmly."

He led her out as he spoke into the evening air; and for the next hour the now re-united father and child were seen walking on the uninterrupted terrace. No allusion was made, either by father or daughter, to the subject which had lately divided them. Captain Harris was in Boston on business, and Mary was not annoyed by his visits. She almost forgot there was such a person in existence; and began to hope that her father would relent in his love for De Courcy; and that they might yet be happy. Ah! that hope, what a blessed thing it is for youth. How many are there who, if the veil of futurity could be lifted up, and they could see all they have to endure in this life, would give up, broken-hearted, at the outset. But the veil is mercifully kept from their eyes against opposition, is a very different thing from doing so when surrounded by kind friends, and those who love and sustain you. But Mary could have endured all, if her father had not grown harsh and arbitrary. Before her he had always held aside the sterner qualities of his nature, and the first time that he had ever addressed her, except in words of kindness, had been at the interview in the grove, when he had parted her with De Courcy. But since then, he had often, by his angry words or manner, sent her away to weep whole hours in her own room alone. And this harshness daily became worse. Irritated at his daughter's continued opposition to the union with Harris, and unused to be disobeyed, for he had never before known her to refuse to act according to his wishes, her father would not control his displeasure, but wreaked it on her at every fitting opportunity. It seemed, indeed, as if the demon of discord had entered into that once pleasant home, and that hereafter there was to be no peace for the persecuted girl.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 5, 1844.


## NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advanced, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

## INFORMATION WANTED

Of Wm. J. Smith, late of Germantown, Hyde county, North Carolina, who is in arrears for this paper.

Of Jno. B. Smith, late of the same place, and do. do. do.

Of C. Flower, late of Phelps, Ontario county, New York, do.

Of F. J. King, late of Scioto, Miami county, Ohio, do.

Of Jesse H. Foster, late of Libertyville, Illinois, do.

Of Michael Groff, late of New Providence, Pa., do.

Of Isaac E. Handley, late of Twelve Pole, Virginia, do.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**** Our Monogrist, bid over for one week will be returned in the next mail.

**** Several poetic and other favors, from esteemed correspondents now on hand, are unavoidably crowded out the paper were twice as large, we could hardly keep pace with what we think worthy a publication, much less with the sensible expectations. It is not reasonable, however, to expect impublication.

**** Frederick writes a fair hand, but it is not the fair thing to offer us an article as original, which—we wrote ourself, years ago! We are bound under the circumstance to acknowledge the service of the communication, but prefer to publish it as Reminded.

**** We are not sufficiently *au fait* to the matter of which "Query" speaks to decide to be for the best—and if we were, we'd be a sqpuare that we would not do it under the shilling annoyance of having to pay his postage for him.

**** James must, sirrily as he can, tell Lucy she is in error—in the first place! I don't believe she'll like it—I don't believe it, let her go James, for an incredulous as well as fashions fair one. He don't was are too good for her, for we can't publish your verses.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There is one great advantage which this country possesses by its position of which we do not think our citizens are fully aware, and which they do not sufficiently appreciate. We allude to our geographical independence; if we may use such a phrase, our freedom by position, from troublesome neighbors, and our ability to manage our own affairs in our own way, without any interfering, worth speaking of, by other nations. Our plain and simple system of diplomacy, permitting no interference with the internal affairs of other nations, suffers no interference by foreign nations with our own. The only well established case in which such a thing has been attempted was in the early history of the country, and was most signally put down; at a time, too, when the current of popular sympathy ran strongly in favor of the interfering power.

Imagine France, as in one case, periodically electing a chief magistrate, with more power than Louis Philippe ever had, or ever will. In her country the agents of every other great European nation would be busily at work—those supporting the present dynasty—those the opposition, and perhaps, indeed, every court in Europe having its avowed preference for one side or another. Now that an argument it were introduced into our political canvassings "By such a choice we shall secure the friendship and alliance of France," or "by electing such a man" we shall have the countenance of England," of Austria, or of Prussia: Suppose such arguments addressed to our voters—how would they be received!

Yet, were our country placed in the midst of other nations, and engaged in fate contiously equable to preserve "the balance of power"—such a state of things could not be avoided. Indeed we are not merely supposing a case in these remarks. We are recording one. The election of one of their number to the Roman Pontifical Chair, by the feelings of cardinals, always calls all the diplomatic manœuvres and tricks of the European courts into exercise. Though every precaution possible is taken to guard the election against any such influences, yet all the ingenuity of man is not sufficient to prevent them from having their weight; and they are successful, so far as this at least,—that no cardinal of known or suspected political preference for one European power ever another can be elected to the Papal chair.

In this particular case, it may be said that the influence of the other courts works for and not rather than for evil, in counteracting each other. But in an open political contest, such election the case would be different. Some one or other of the factories of the several other powers would be elected—Metternich or Pedro Nappo, an enemy to them all. In either case, it is not difficult to see that the United States could not have kept out of the whirlwind, bloody, and harassing, any more than France was able to do.

And beside this advantage of freedom in our strictly domestic matters, we are relieved from all necessity to watch or to keep the "balance of power" We can, politically speaking, lend on, while all Europe is engaged in war, diplomatic or actual, by


case not a cocoa,

Whether Money; not Barley, or Barley not Money.


Whether France or England gets Barbary is no matter to our ears or eyes, that is by the same provisions of our government, we are shut out from all such dangerous advantages as foreign conquests, or foreign alliances. We are bound by no diplomatic or political relations to interfere between conflicting nations. Our hands have been tied by "God," our Congress, and of other nations and people almost war, we have only to maintain peace. If their industry is paralyzed, ours is encouraged—and if our institutions are not warlike, we have the very best guards and defences against aggressions—love of country, and the means for its defence, and perpetuate the solid advantages which peace confers. We war only to keep peace and shall thus prove irresistible.

So much for the nation—now for ourselves. The reader will observe by reference to our outside page that, beside the original tastes and original poetry, he is their presented with selections of high merit from the Magazines, American and English, and the American Annuals for 1845. In quiet humor and close observation of conventional and artificial life, Mr. Wilkes's Power of an Eye Look," is original, and its construction, based on matters rather o pre pos to the season, is amusing. We can conceive of no one besides Mr. Neal descending from the rostrum, amid that shower of kisses, as more another unlucky dog has been compelled to do.

The paper on Fencers in a capital thing in its way, and shows a wonderful mastery of information, which will interest all readers. The paper by Tom Hood, is a terrible calamity, and an elaborate detail of symptoms of a disturbed humor, was unnecessary—and the other articles upon the last page will be found of variety sufficient to satisfy the most capricious taste with something.

It will be also noted that we have extracted from the "Ledger" two articles by Rev. Er. Stebbins and Rev. T. M. Clarke, of this city. The names are a guarantee for a readable newspaper, the Post has this much on array inferior to none ever offered in our number of any periodical. Our Foreign Correspondence will be found interesting—the visit to the Grant's Causeway presenting that freak of nature like a picture; and the general letter embracing many interesting details.

## PERIPATETIC PROSINGS.

NUMBER TWO.

"Inquire Within?"

There is a deal more to be learned in this world than can be gathered from an outside look. These are painted sepulchres now, as of yore, fair outside, but within full of mockery, death, and there are objects of sympathy and interest seeming as ever drove a cat away from a parlor, which, their shell once cracked, will yield to us only the ugliest seeker. The only way to find "the rights of a matter" is to follow the directions of our friend in——, street, "Inquire Within!"

Handsome dog that man with such a splendidly setting coat! No wrinkle, no bristle, no mange, no forme! Sure he is another Adonis—the very "mould of fashion!" Inquire within, and you find that a portion of that well developed muscle has ornamented a sheep's back, and that of the meanest,—or it may have been a goat, "other staple" of Georgia commerce. Inquire Within!

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$5 per annum - $2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to forward their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank. A penalty of fifteen cents may be collected on such letters.
Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless by agreement, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our subs.
Agents are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They will always give names and date paid by.
Remittals must always write the Post Office removed from, as well as to which the papers are to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for that Indiana and Michigan, and for Upper Illinois. [See H. Smack, O. H. Comstock, E. H. Brandeburg, C. P. Dent and E. F. Jennings.
Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Nashville, Tenn., is our Agent for the South and South-western States and Florida, succeed by James K. Polk, Esq., [See H. Wall, O. H. P. Dent, and E. F. Jennings.
THOMAS SUTTERS is our Travelling Agent in New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES FRENCH, is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcheser.


## Notices of New Works.

THE BOOK OF ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN BALLADS. *Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This beautiful volume, tastefully got up in various bindings, printed on elegant paper, each page ornamented with border, and with twenty-five of the articles accompanied with a very gem-ornamental letter. There are also several beautiful engravings to illustrate the text, and the whole is got up in a style high rank among the many gift and ornamental books of the season. Its articles are from the pens of many of devotional and serious poetry which the English language contains, and are taken from all time, and from the pens of many living authors, as well as from the works of the dead. The editor, Rev. E. W. Grunwald, has evinced much correct taste in the selection and arrangement of this volume, and has been presented us a work which the high character as the Christian public will receive as an more luxury as a book. It is perhaps not proper to call all the articles ballads in the strict definition of that term, for we are sure that we could, in some cases, have selected a greater and more acceptable variety from the treasury of Christian poetry.

THE KEEPSAKE. *A Christmas, New Year's and Birthday Present. Illustrated with The Most Exquisite Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a neat annual, filled with acceptable matter, and elegantly got up in the most pleasant sizes in which such publications are devoted. We have the old-fashioned annual, and the new half-sized. The annual, let who will say the contrary, have done much for the encouragement of those who live by the exercise of the pen, for proof, and the book trade. The publishers were never more worthily employed than in thus minis-tering to the delicacies of the taste, by the purest and sentiment into the bosoms of fondship, and often inspire the love learning and art, where there was none before, only a taste for dancing and dress." In turning over the pages of the Keepsake, we find the publishers have not failed in the true spirit. The letter-press is elegant and unexceptionable, and the general getting up is neat and tasteful.

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES, *from the Foundation of the See of Rome, to 1758. By Archibald Bower. With an Introduction, and Continuation to the Present Time by Rev. Samuel Horsley Cox, D.D. Philadelphia: Griffith & Simon.* Where we think that the first edition of this work was educated at Douay, and afterward became a Protest; and that the book was written with the view to recommend the Romish faith, the reader, if he does not already know the truth, will be able to judge of its character and tendency. It is a book which, in the present state of the public mind, when the great questions which have so much agitated the religious world are discussed, will be found to have a large list of Protestant purchasers. It is published in numbers, and will be completed in about twenty-four

THE GIRL'S DELIGHT. *A Gift for all Seasons. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*—This is one of the better order of children's books, and in its getting up, is of the superior achievement and arrangement, which leave little readers to be neat and careful. With plates neatly coloured, a neat cover, tastefully tinted, and a fine paper, it appears which is in advance of what the high-priced books usually are. We have examined the contents of the tempting casket are worthy of the form they appear in. The "Child's Delight" will defend its own right to its full welcome of children full of life and glee, and parents will sometimes find themselves turning over its pages.

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# FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

***Fashions going back to the Antique Times of the Romans—The Queen's Visit—Political Reasons therefor—Mr. Pritchard at Cuen —Parisian Fashions—Mr. Bonaparte's Cranial Preparations—Bank Notes and Specie—Enormous Steam Engine—The Monument to Napoleon in Paris—Miscellaneous Matters—Monument to the Earl of Durham —Valentin Delmacco—Cowardice to Devonshire.***

*Bristol, England, Sept. 3, 1844.*

Ah! quite a collection of letters on the latest fashions, and intended for the ladies, from one *dicate the mast a la mode.* A few of their contents will doubtless be acceptable to your fair readers. They are introduced by the description of beautiful gowns, robes, bonnets, &c., are apt to be fixed in pleasing and attractive vision. And first of the gowns, which are generally made of the tissus of Lucca silk, with yellow spots, straw color ground, and with corsages. Again: scarf, either orange, fawn, or green shaded." Another speaks of an evening dress as a "robe of silk, gold with stripes, headed with a deep mantilla, in black lace, very long, and rounded off at the back, cut out at the sems, and descending in long rounded ends." In the autumn dress as to these graceful adornments are of course going by I must not conclude my remarks without observing that the Queen's visit to Cuen Valley. By the way, the "Hare," a journal published at Caen, in Normandy, gives a most withering account of the sayings and doings of Mr. Pritchard, our Ex-Consul at Tahiti, while the Queen and his family were visiting the city of Caen. The conduct of Mr. P. at Caen, is described as eccentric, shabby to a degree—and worse. Miss Pritchard is only not a person worth quarrelling about, on either side—and it is perfectly clear that the wise men of Caen would have remained that Mr. Pritchard and shall not be magnified into a bone of contentions—a cause bella.

Louis Philippe has added an American Branch to the Foreign Department, with *Legarae* at its head. Some people think this very odd indeed; but the French are fond of the New World are by no means extensive.

In very truth, the Parisians are the gayest people in the world, for I believe that they have four theatres within the walls of the city, and twelve in the suburbs—all in full tide of operation.

We learn this morning that the Asia, 90, Monarch, 80, London, 92, and Waterloo, 120 guns, are to be added to the line of battle ships in commission, also the Vernon, 50; Alwin, 26, Vulture, (steam ship of war) Amazon, 6, and Cockatrice, (ship) to the present naval force in commission. A double force is put on in several departments of the Royal dock yards; and several more of the largest war steamers are to be prepared. Large orders for arming the additional ships and steamers have been received at the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich. Now, many argue that such preparations portend war—but as contraries, I cannot help thinking that they tend to prevent war, and thus to promote the permanency of peace.

The bank notes now in circulation in the British Islands, are of the value of £28,001,134, according to the last returns. The bullion in the Bank of England is £15,527,000; and it is clear that the specie now in the country must be at least two or three times the amount of bank notes.

We are about to build steam engines of a thousand-horse power, for forging the vast slabs of which, a new hammer has been invented by Mr. Nasmyth, the celebrated engineer for railroad iron; are in full work, and though they are said to employ thousands of hands, they actually get on with wonderful regularity. It is computed that the railroads now in progress in different parts of the world, will require at least a million tons more iron to complete them; and it is believed that about half of this will be ordered in England—perhaps more.

The dissolution of the Polytechnic School at Paris, owing to the *penchant* of the pupils to fraternize with the people, in civil commotions, did quite a sensation. The school, in its years, gave 3,946 officers and engineers to the army of the line, and has annually about 300 pupils —each paying 700 or 800 francs, for outfit when admitted, and their parents paying 1000 francs a year each. It will probably be reorganized.

A French gentleman has applied in London for the hand of Mayne, for a certain sum of the Philippe, on his arrival in England, on the ground that the Citizen King is indebted to many body for many accounts, if the account bursing that amount to raise troops for Louis at the time of the *trois jours.* The Lord Mayor will have nothing to do with the matter—it being out of his jurisdiction. A foreign sovereign vessel has just been captured off Dublin, with 173 slaves, and twelve more on board. The captain of the ship "Hannibal," at Dundee, is supposed to have been murdered by the slaves, on the high seas—and the ship scuttled and sunk. A young lady of great beauty, named Miss Cussen, was forcibly taken away by several men, from Limerick, a few days since, while walking with her aunt! She was hurried off in a carriage, along the Cork road—and out of the city, but was rescued to elucidate this daring mystery. A man dressed as a gentleman appeared to be waiting in the carriage to receive the lady, who, both pay and is entitled to a handsome fortune.

A Quakeress, named Mrs. Backhouse, is now in London, where she excites much attention. A railroad treaty has been formed between Denmark, Prussia, Hanover and Mecklenburg Schwerin, for the free extension of the Sound and the elements. She now lies dismantled —"a mere hulk"—no longer the van of the fleet, but a smouldering trophy of a glorious victory.

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CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE. *New York: Israel Post. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co. and Robinson & Peterson.* The number for October contains the usual variety of a lesbian plate, and some capital papers, one at least of which appears to have considerable merit in the character-istic. Among the contributors we find Mr. Inman, Orasmus, Walter Whitman, the author of the "Widow Bedott Papers," Donald Mackenzie, Miss Butler, and others, whose names one could not fail to mark it a good number.

METHODIST EXPERIENCE. *New York: Harpers. No. XVIII.* of this work brings it down to the letter T. In looking over the numbers as they have been issued, we have been struck at the amount of information which is compressed into the closely printed pages. In no work, in which we are acquainted, is the plan of the author carried with so full and satisfactory manner to his questions. It is for sale at *Robinson & Peterson's Port-ure, Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.*

THE PROFESSION OF DANIEL. *No 8. By George Bush. Port of Daniel. New York: Harper & Brothers. N. York: Harpers: Philadelphia: Zieber & Peterson.* This work will be completed in ten or twelve numbers, each "one" complete in itself, comprising one, two, or three numbers, as the case may require. The first two numbers contain Nebuchadnezzar's Dream and the Great Image. It is neatly printed, and of the talents of the author we need not speak.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. This work, published in this city by Canning, has reached its 21st weekly number, and is found established in the public favor. The plan, the discrimination, and experience of Mr. Littell eminently fit him to select, and in the frequent appearance makes it all the more acceptable.

MESMERISM. &c. Any quantity, any variety, and any kind of Mesmerism, magnetism, and forces and spirits to be had of Colon S. Atkinson. Lithographs, caricatures, pamphlets and miscellaneous of political warfare are on sale in profusion.

"SCENES FROM SOCIAL LIFE," is the title of a new capital book from the pen of the Countess of Blessington, by the Appletons. We shall notice it more fully hereafter

## Fires.

GREAT FIRE.—There was a destructive fire at Port Byron, Cayuga county, New York, on Thursday of last week. It originated in the extensive tannery of A. Tappan & Co., which was entirely consumed, together with its contents, consisting of a large quantity of leather in a finished and unfinished state. The grist mill owned by the Beach estate, the machine and blacksmith shop, and carriage factory of William Tull, and a large frame dwelling house, one of the companies on the canal, together with other smaller buildings, were also consumed or entirely destroyed. The loss has been variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. We are informed that none of the buildings destroyed were insured.

☞ The dwelling of Dr. Burdick, in Lansing, New York, was burned on Thursday night week, together with most of the furniture. His daughter was in the chamber asleep at the time. He threw her out of the window, and in jumping and himself, fractured his leg very severely.

☞ A destructive fire has been raging in the woods, near the Ridge Road, in the town of Ontario, Wayne county, New York. Thousands of acres have already been burned over, miles of fences, a large quantity of hay, and a number of buildings, have been destroyed.

☞ The carpenter shop of Mr. Morris, in Vernon St., Spring Garden, was last Friday destroyed by fire, doing damage to the amount of $2,000.

ESCAPE.—On the New York and Harlem Railroad on Monday, one of the admirers of the 17th ult. His wife had drawn her to a neighbor's, and tied her near the bee house. The bees commenced an attack, and in her struggles to escape, she threw over two hives, the bees from which poured out in such numbers, and stung the creature so badly, that she died soon after.

## Personal News.

☞ Mr. Waggeman, nephew of President Tyler—who was a short time since appointed an Inspector at Baltimore—has been appointed Purser in the U. S. Navy, in the place of Mr. Upshur, deceased, nephew of the late Secretary.

☞ Hopewell Hepburn, Esq., of Northampton, county, Pa., has been appointed Assistant Judge of the District Court for the county of Allegheny, in the place of Judge Shaler, resigned.

☞ The following Texan prisoners, confined in the Louisville Jail, have been released:—Capt. Wm. Ryon, Col. W. F. Wilson, Wallace J. Armstrong and Thos. Tatem.

☞ Hon. Ira A. Eastman, of Gilmanton, N. H., has been appointed by the Governor of that State to a seat on the bench, vacated by the death of Judge Woodbury.

☞ Isaac Hill, so long prominent in the politics of New Hampshire, now lies seriously ill, and is not expected to recover.

☞ Richard Dawes, of Charleston, has been appointed Chief Clerk in the Naval Bureau of Construction, &c., at Washington.

☞ Philip Sage has been appointed Collector of Middletown, Conn., vice Austin Ballard, resigned.

## Notices of the Dead.

☞ The Hon. Abner Davis, State Senator elect from the counties of Davies and Martin, Va., died at his residence in Washington, on the 12th ult. Mr. Davis has represented these counties in the State Senate for several years, and was highly respected by all parties.

☞ The Rev. John J. Shepherd, the well known proprietor and founder of the Oberlin Institute and Colony, and formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elyria, died at Walden, Mich., on the 16th ult., aged 42 years.

☞ The Rev. George W. Swan, chaplain on board the U. S. ship Potomac, died last week of chronic rheumatism, after a very short illness. He was preparing for sea, the frigate intending to sail on the 1st of October.

☞ Rev. Artemus Boies, formerly pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston, father of Rev. Jonathan Cook, on Wednesday of last week, of brain fever. He was much believed for his many amiable qualities.

## The Markets.

### SALES OF STOCKS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 350 shares Wilmington & R. | | 54½ |
| 50 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co., | | 20 |
| 50 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co., | | 20½ |
| 50 do. Commercial Bank, | | 71 |
| 50 do. Girard Bank, | | 111 |
| $4000 Penna. 5's, | | 98 |
| $3000 Penna. 5's, | | 98 |
| $1000 Penna. 5's, | | 98 |
| $1000 Penna. 5's, | | 98 |
| $1000 Penna. 5's, 1862, | | 98 |
| $1000 Reading R. 6 Bonds, | | 97½ |
| $1000 Penna. 5's, | | 98 |
| $1000 Penna. 5's, | | 98 |
| $1000 City 5's, 1862, | | 100½ |

### PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

*Ashes*—Sweets quoted $4.12½. *Beef*—In quotations back we notice a sale of near 75 bbls first No. 1 at $10. *Beef*—In lots, *Barrels*—Sales of 100 bbls prime at $6 per bbl. *Cordage*—New Bedford equivalent $6½ by the agent to-day. *Bagging*—Sales of 2000 yds Kentucky at 22c. *Cotton*—Demand a few small sales of Lagunera at 7c, we have no change to notice in prices. *Flour*—The receipts are moderate and sales of 1000 bbls, mostly for export, common and fair brands are held at $4.37½@ 4.50. Rye flour may be quoted at $3.12½@3.25 per bbl. Corn meal is dull and nothing for sale. *Grain*—The receipts of good Jersey wheat at 80c; we quote as nearly as quality. Corn—Market nearly bare; sales of good yellow at 52c; white at 50c. Oats—Sales of 2000 bushels southern at 40@ 41c. *Groceries*—The sales to-day are limited to 100 hhds Cuba Muscovado sugar at 5½c; no change in quality. Teas—Nothing coming in. Molasses—Sales of 50 bbls Cuba at 30c. *Hay*—Sales

# Selected Poetry.

## THE SOUL'S BELIEF.

BY JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR.

Day on day life is all?
From out the void is Heaven's empyreal set
Above all things and for all time and love
Without all bound and all infinitude?

The hearts cease dear, we dust all member back,
And no friend spoke round a before track?

Most hopes of power bless,
Many hand and lady that on nature wish new,
Strong their bright vapor upon manhood's brow,
And there's their love
Make the heart think with angel joy alone,
To parted when the star's most high gone?

Oh! can the cherishes soul,
That struggles on through sin and woe, and strife,
Onward and upward to a nobler life,
Look down with one lofty goal?
Canst glimpse of a glory it may win,
Then sleep in gloom, ere to bright course begin?

Vague dreams of childhood's here,
Filling the heart with awe, it knows not why;
As if a spirit whispered, passing by;
Hinting something wish for power—
To seen the mysteries that circle round,
To tread the depths of Nature's soulless bound—

And manhood's latter gaze,
Wearing the keenness of a mortal sight,
And struggling on, where through the hold night
A brighter Order unveil,
Why—why—were these grand aspirations given,
If there was nothing more to be?

All that the past hath taught—
All that the present hath revealed—
In god-like poets, heaping the bright ore
Into the rich shrines of Art's devotion,
And high-souled men, who in their darkened age,
Stood in the cause of truth to brave to live—

All that now lures us on—
Pointing afar, where glory waits our call,
Speaks in the soul, that when its day shall fall,
A nobler, brighter Order unveil,
Or else the universe is empty, meaningless,
And we were wiser if we were still senseless God!

## THE BULL FIGHT.

BY M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

"Montes is a native of Chiclana, near Cadiz. He is a man of forty to forty-five years of age. Little above the middle height, of grave and quiet and deportment, deliberate in his movements, and of a pale olive complexion. There is nothing remarkable about him, except the quickness and mobility of his eyes. He appears more supple and active than his robust form even his scarce at a bull-fighter to his costume, correct eye, and knowledge of the art, rather than to any muscular strength. As soon as Montes sees a bull, he can judge the character of the beast; whether its attack will be straightforward or accompanied by stratagem; whether it is slow or rapid in its motions; whether its sight is good or defective. Thanks to this sort of intuitive perception, he is always ready with an appropriate mode of defence. Nevertheless, he has passed his novitiate in foul-handiness, he has been often wounded in the course of his career, to one of which seventeen a scar upon his cheek bears testimony. Several times he has been carried out of the circus grievously hurt.

"The day I saw him his costume was of the most elegant and costly description, composed of silk of an apple-green color, magnificently embroidered with silver. He is very rich, and only continues to frequent the bull-ring from taste and love of the excitement, for he has amassed more than fifty thousand dollars; a large sum. If we consider the great expenses which the matadores are put to in the dress, and in travelling from one town to another, according to the duration of the season, and the number of bulls to be killed, it is evident that he must have gained more than this sum by the trade, and in two thousand francs.

"Montes does not succeed himself, like most matadores, with killing the bull when the signal of death is given. He superintends and directs the combat, and goes to the assistance of those who are in danger. More than one torture has owed him his life. Once a bull had overturned a horse and rider, and, after giving the former a frightful manner, was making violent efforts to get at the latter, who was sheltered under the body of his steed. Montes sacred the ferocious beast by the tail, and turned him round three or four times, amidst the frantic applause of the spectators, thus giving time to extricate the fallen man. Sometimes he plants himself in front of the bull, will crossed arms and fixes his eyes upon those of the animal, which stops suddenly, paws gallop, shy that keen and steadfast gaze. Then comes the terror of applause, outcries, vociferations, screams of delight, a sort of delirium seems to seize the fifteen thousand spectators, a joyful stamp and dance upon their benches in a state of the wildest excitement; every hand shall be waved, every hat thrown into the air; while Montes, the only collected man amongst the mad multitude, enjoys his triumph in silence, and bows slightly, with the air of a man capable of much greater things. To tell the truth, I do not believe that I can understand a man's taking his life every minute of the day. It is worth while. Oh! ye golden-throated singers, ye fairy-footed dancers ye empanels and padres who flatter yourselves that you have excited popular enthusiasm, you have nothing with to applauded by a crowded circus.

"Germaine's happiness that the spectators themselves beg him to perform some of his feats of address. A pretty girl will call out to him, 'Vamos! Vamos! Montes, vamos. Pequito' (which is his Christian name to you who are a gallant, or something like Jack's oak, or, 'Montes, some trifling matter. Then Montes puts his foot on the bull's head, and jumps over him, or else shakes his cloak in the animal's face by a rapid movement of enjoining himself in it so as to form the most graceful imagery, and then, by a quick turn on one side avoids the rush of the irritated brute.

"In spite of Montes' popularity he received on the day on which I saw him rather a strong proof of the impartiality of a Spanish public, and of the extent to which it pushes its love of fair play towards beasts as well as men.

"A magnificent black bull was turned into the arena, and from the manner in which he made his entrance the connoisseurs augured great things of him. He united all the qualities desirable in a fighting bull: his horns were long and sharp, his legs small and nervous, promising great activity his large dewlap and symmetrical form colossal vast strength. Without a moment's delay he rushed upon the nearest picador and knocked him over, killing his horse with a blow he then went to the second, whom he treated in the manner, and when they had scarcely time to lift over the barrier and get out of harm's way. In less than a quarter of an hour, he had killed seven horses, the choice or fastest, were cut to pieces, and stood their scarlet cloaks at a respectful distance, keeping near the palisades, and jumping over them on the least appearance of approaching them. Montes himself seemed disconcerted at the last more even placed his foot on the seat of lodge which is nailed to the barriers at the height of more than from the ground, to assist the bull-fighters in leaping over. The audience applauded each delight and paid the bull the most flattering compliments. Presently, a cripple of the name of Montes, raised their enthusiasm to the very highest degree.

"The two picadores or horsemen were disabled, but a third appeared, and, lowering the point of his lance scratched the bull, who, as I looked him furiously and, without allowing itself to be turned, made by a blow of his shoulder, put its head under the horse's belly, with one thrust threw him face foot on the top of the barrier, and with a second, raising his fore quarter, threw him over the rider from the back of the bull over their handerlins or darts. The spectators impatient at this reaction, shouted out 'Los Toros a Montes!'—'to the fire with the Montes!' 'Fuego a Montes!'—to the fire with the Montes!' 'Fuego a Montes!'—to the fire with the Montes!' 'Fuego a Montes!'—